

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1916

No. 4

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.

Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

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SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
The tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale Ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide beyond yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I.
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love.

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

II.

"When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you
to all Truth."—JOHN xvi. 13.

Coming down to our age, what hinders the
coming of the Spirit of Truth, the Spirit of the
Living God, into my daily life and yours?
For we do not pretend that God always is
incarnate in us, or that we always find the
promise realized.

We have a right to say that, so far as
verbal truth goes, some progress has been

made in this matter from those days when Cretes were known as liars, and no man would accept the word of Greeks or Carthaginians. So far as the nations of the northern part of Europe are concerned, and the people of those American states which spring from them, it may be said in general that children are taught to *speaking* the truth; that men and women grow up *speaking* the truth. In the commerce of such people it is said and expected that a merchant's word must be as good as his bond. We have—alas!—to make an exception sometimes to this general remark, when we speak of the indifference of the press even to verbal truth, if a lie will fill the column or help out a sensation. But the masters of the press promise us loyally that if we will wait even the press shall come into line.

There are even theorists who tell us that the nations of northern origin might safely abandon the legal provisions by which the whole community comes to be to a certain extent the endorser of a man's promises and compels him to keep them. Such theorists suppose that the sense of honor is so profoundly instilled, that men cannot afford the risk of a reputation for untruth. Truth in words is not everything, but it is something. Even for our present purpose, for our purpose of to-day, this requisition of verbal truth is a sort of measuring staff which is a standard for us, of what we mean and what we need, when we go deeper than words and demand absolute truth in demeanor, in character, and in life.

For instance, the word of an English merchant, is on the whole, respected through the world. The reputation for truth-telling, if the statement be made in words, holds to the men of that race, so as to impress even savages. Yet, at the same time, there was a period when the great metal-working city of Birmingham had in its manufactures carried the arts of pretence, of imitation, so far that to speak of a Brummagen bronze, or a Brummagen piece of plate, was to imply that it was not what it pretended to be. Here is a fair enough instance of what you mean when you speak of Truth in Life. For you want to bring the standard of manufacture, if that is what you are caring for, so high that men shall know that the article they buy is what it pretends to be. Or you want to bring your standard in packing goods for market up to the same level. As said here the other day, the last screw in the last package of the last gross of the last box of a consignment of screws sent to Timbuctoo must be as good as the specimen screw of the sample by which they were all sold. One is glad to say

to-day, in passing, that it was such a reputation which the handiwork of the Ameses made for itself, so that at this hour in the heart of Africa, among men who never heard of America and know nothing of manufacture, the four unknown letters, A M E S, as they see them stamped upon the handle of a shovel, are the symbol of truth. A man is glad to die when he can leave such a legacy of honor to his children.

Now when we talk of doing God's will as it is done in the heavens, we mean that our daily work shall come up thus to absolute compliance with eternal principles. There shall be no sham more than there is in the stars. If there is varnish, it shall say there is varnish. If it is veneer, it shall say it is veneer.

Dear little Edith Thomas, the darling child at the kindergarten, who is blind and deaf and dumb, had it as one of her first duties to make her own bed in the morning. Dear child! she did not like to do it. So one day she only smoothed the pillow and drew the quilt craftily over the rest and smoothed that, and so went off to her play. But by the time she reached the door, conscience had asserted itself; that is, the Spirit of Truth had spoken. She struck her own hand several times, by way of self-punishment; she went back to the bed, opened it, and attacked her business more seriously. But again the temptation to play prevailed. She covered it all up a second time and made it look respectable, as they say, and again came to the door. But, once more, the poor child had to punish herself for her falsehood, and the third time she did her duty. The Spirit of Truth conquered, and the lying spirits fled, discomfited.

I do not see that, in daily life, any man lives up to that standard unless he tries to. I repeat the story of Edith Thomas because it brings back to each of us the hourly temptations—what Carlyle calls the temptations of sham, of old clothes. They are the pretences of life; not verbal lies, but lies of behavior. To rise above that temptation one needs to have a standard. That standard is the regular, quiet, certain movement of God's work. "As in Heaven," or as "in the Heavens." Here is a board of directors. It is to meet at eleven o'clock on Monday. Five of them enter as the clock strikes. They are doing God's will, with the precision of stars and plants and sunrise. The other five, like those women in the parable, come stumbling in after three minutes, six, or nine minutes, each probably with a good apology or excuse. Apology or excuse, all the same; they cannot set back the Universe. So far as they are concerned, or the people who delayed them,—the men who tore up the streets,

or the driver whose cab broke down,—some or all of them have delayed God's work just so far. God's will has not been done as the stars do it, or the buds on the trees, or the corn when it ripens. It has not been done as it is done in the heavens.

But we must not be satisfied with such small illustrations. What we are seeking for, as always, is the enlargement of life. And we are trying to train ourselves to the habit of regarding life as something infinite indeed. It is a reality, of which the least detail may be governed, if we will let it be, by the same law as the largest. So is it that my John or Andrew, as he goes about his daily affair, may "walk on air," as a strong, proud woman once said to me. She was describing the inspiration and exhilaration which she felt when she first felt that she was commissioned by Almighty God for one of his infinite gospel errands. A man may walk on air; he may "mount on wings as eagles; so he will run and not be weary, so he will walk and not faint." These are the images, you know, of the prophet Isaiah.

I do not know, and I dare not say, how early in life such resolutions may be taken. I have never known a person take them too early. I do not believe in the theory that it is better for young life to run wrong for fifteen years, and then to turn of a sudden and set its course towards heaven. It is better for young men and maidens to "grow up as plants in their youth"; this is the charming phrase of David in one of his psalms—"They shall grow up as plants in their youth." Mr. Emerson says, "Milton, in early life, describes himself as being enamoured of moral perfection. He did not love it more than I. That which I cannot yet declare has been my angel from childhood until now. It has separated me from men, it has watered my pillow, it has driven sleep from my bed, it has tortured me for my guilt, it has inspired me with hope." That is the declaration in young life of a man who remembered no period in his boyhood when he was not "enamoured of moral perfection." This means that, so early as he could remember, he had highly resolved that he would do the will of God as it is done in heaven. Thus he welcomed the Spirit of Truth; the Spirit of Truth should be his guide, and he would trust himself to the infinite forces of the universe.—*Edward E. Hale.*

One in our faith and one our longing
To make the world within our reach
Somewhat the better for our living,
And gladder for our human speech.

—*John G. Whittier.*

THE STILL HOUR.

VESTA.

O Christ of God! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home Thy star-named child!

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
Who hears its mother call;
The lilies of Thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in Thine;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign!

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To Thee shall point the way!

—*Whittier.*

IN PEACE.

A track of moonlight on a quiet lake,
Whose small waves on a silver-sanded
shore
Whisper of peace, and with the low winds
make
Such harmonies as keep the woods awake,
And listening all night long for their sweet
sake;
A green-waved slope of meadow, hovered
o'er
By angel-troops of lilies, swaying light
On viewless stems, with folded wings of
white;
A slumberous stretch of mountain-land, far
seen
Where the low westering day, with gold and
green,
Purple and amber, softly blended, fills
The wooded vales, and melts among the hills;
A vine-fringed river, winding to its rest
On the calm bosom of a stormless sea,
Bearing alike upon its placid breast,
With earthly flowers and heavenly stars im-
pressed

The hues of time and of eternity:
Such are the pictures which the thought of
thee,
O friend, awakeneth,—charming the keen
pain
Of thy departure, and our sense of loss
Requiting with the fulness of thy gain.

Lo! on the quiet grave thy life-borne cross,
Dropped only at its side, methinks doth
shine,

Of thy beatitude the radiant sign!
No sob of grief, no wild lament be there,
To break the Sabbath of the holy air;
But, in their stead, the silent-breathing prayer
Of hearts still waiting for a rest like thine.
O spirit redeemed! Forgive us, if henceforth,
With sweet and pure similitudes of earth,

We keep thy pleasant memory freshly
green,
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,
Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is
seen

To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,
With pencil dipped alone in colors of the
heart.

—Whittier.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs.
W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, Coolidge Point, Magnolia, Mass., offers leaflets on "The Study of the New Testament"; also, old but interesting magazines which may be suitable for prisons or lighthouses.

REQUESTS.

1. I have enjoyed the books so much. I thank all that have sent me books. I should like to have some reading for myself and twelve-year-old daughter; would like *McCall's Magazine*. Mrs. R. D. Gillispie, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

2. I thank the *Cheerful Letter* readers for the literature I received from them. My address has been changed from Whitakers, North Carolina, to Natural Bridge, Virginia. I am at home now for a rest and shall appreciate any good literature. Miss Mabel Wilson, Natural Bridge, Virginia.

3. Will you please send some good books for my little boys nine and eight years old, as I am not able to buy books for them? Mrs. Storer sent me "Black Beauty." I am very glad she sent it to me. The children like it very much. Mrs. H. C. Bedford, 150 South Broad Street, Mobile, Alabama.

4. I live in the country. My father is a farmer with a large family to support. I should like to get some good books and papers to read. For reference, Rev. Dan Wheeler, Triplett, North Carolina. Address, Nellie West, Mount Zion, North Carolina.

5. I should like to receive Shakespeare's and Longfellow's poems, also Scott's "Ivanhoe," and any other standard poems or other works. I enjoy reading *The Cheerful Letter* very much, also the magazines which have been sent me. L. E. Sawyer, Route 1, Raleigh, North Carolina.

6. We live far out in the country and get very lonely at times. I should be very glad if you would send us some books and magazines, especially the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Uncle Remus' Magazine* and any good standard fiction. Anything that I can read will be appreciated. My brother would like to have a dictionary if it is not asking too much. If anything is sent by express, send it to Nathalie, Virginia, as we have no express office at Republican Grove. Miss Bertha Harper, R. F. D. No. 1, Republican Grove, Virginia.

7. I have read some of the letters in the *Cheerful Letter Exchange* and felt that I should like to write to you. I am fourteen years old. I go to school, but do not have all the books I need. I am in the seventh grade. My father is an invalid and has been for two years, and my mother is not well. There are four children in the family, and my grandmother has to be taken care of. She is blind in one eye. Father would like to receive religious literature; mother likes to read and would be glad to receive some. I like to read, and would be glad to receive some stories. I refer to Rev. T. E. Loucis, as he is the pastor of our Baptist Church. Miss Audie Gibson, R. F. D. 1, Box 87, Athens, Texas.

8. I should like very much to become a member of the *Cheerful Letter Club*. I live in the country seven miles from a railroad station. I am twenty-three years old and have been married two months. I find in that length of time that a housekeeper has many problems to confront which are very puzzling, especially when her store of knowledge is limited; so I will greatly appreciate any helpful literature from your club, and be glad to correspond with an experienced housekeeper. The following is a list of books any of which I would appreciate

very much: "Pilgrim's Progress," "The Prince of the House of David," "The Life of Christ," "The Story of the Bible," "The Second Coming of Christ," "Ben Hur," "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and a Bible dictionary. For reference write my pastor, Rev. W. J. Craddock, and H. G. Brown, P.M., both of Elamsville, Virginia. Mrs. W. H. Craddock, Elamsville, Virginia.

9. Mrs. N. B. Strickland, Swepsonville, North Carolina, asks for *Homiletic Review*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Modern Priscilla*.

10. I should like very much to become a member of your correspondence club. I am a farmer's wife and live six miles from any railroad station. I have four small children: one small boy, Sidney; three bright little girls, Winnie, Glen, and Arlene. I am twenty-eight years of age; have not been in good health this spring. Would appreciate any one writing me, would answer all letters. Mrs. Mary M. Cardin, Irons-burg, Tennessee.

11. Alberta Richardson, Wadesboro, North Carolina, Route 1, will be glad of reading.

12. We are three boys, ages sixteen, twelve, and seven. We should like very much to join the Book and Magazine Club and receive some reading. Ezra would like a good farm magazine and a book interesting for young boys. John and Henry would appreciate story and picture books. Crayons and cards would be appreciated. Ezra, John, and Henry Gilbert.

Their sister writes: "I want to thank my *Cheerful Letter* friends for their kind remembrance of me during the past year. Without it I should have been very lonely. I have received several nice books and magazines, all of which I appreciate very much.

I should be so glad if some one would send me a good book to read these lonely days, I should especially like "The Life of Garfield," "The Sketch Book," by Washington Irving, or the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I should be very grateful for all or any of these books. Grace M. Gilbert, Sandidges, Virginia.

13. I should be very glad, if I am not asking too much, if you would please send me, "Grimm's Fairy Tales," "Mother Goose Stories," and "Lovey Mary." Thanking you, (Miss) Eleanor L. Bailey, Waugh P. O., Virginia. C. & O. R.R.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

SHOULD PARENTS BE PUNISHED BY LAW IF CHILD IS DELINQUENT?

With the announcement that a police-woman is to be appointed in Brookline comes a story from Portland, Oregon, that emphasizes the need of policewomen, not only in Brookline, but in every big town and city in the United States. In the Western city a mother has just been convicted for "contributing to the delinquency" of her daughter, a wayward girl of fifteen. The mother tried to excuse herself by saying that she had prayed for the child. The deputy district attorney thinks that prayer is not sufficient.

"The Lord will provide," says he, "with co-operation, safety for children. The courts are aids to parents, not their proxies. Go back to the old-fashioned rule of holding the parents responsible for their children, as our Puritan ancestors did, and we'll cut juvenile delinquency 25 per cent. in one year."

Juvenile delinquency, he says, is on the increase.

"Modern life in modern cities has created new dangers that beset the young. The juvenile court system is sound. The trouble lies in the use to which courts are put. A court at best can only aid the parent. A court can never be substituted for the parent.

"We send children to the reformatories but allow the parents, through whose carelessness the child has become delinquent, to go unpunished. The old-fashioned mother saw that all her children were in bed—then she prayed for them."

When the child in question was brought before the juvenile court, and the deputy district attorney announced his intention of proceeding against the mother, other lawyers laughed. No grand jury, they declared, would ever indict the mother.

But the mother was indicted. Then the lawyers declared that no jury would ever convict on the grounds offered. But the mother was convicted. Her lawyer fought hard for her; she had not known where her daughter was, or what she was doing. She had prayed for her every night.

Deputy Robison replied, in substance, that the mother should have known where her daughter was, and what she was doing; and that prayer without care was as futile as faith without works. Local records quoted in connection with the case show that 76 per cent. of the juvenile delinquency in Multonah County is traceable to lax home discipline.

What is the appointment of a policewoman but an acknowledgment that a similar condition prevails here? Brookline is not the only Eastern community that has a policewoman; and many cities and towns are agitating for such an official.

What are the duties of a policewoman? Not to make arrests; not to perform the same functions that the male officers perform. She will patrol the streets, especially the recreation parks, motion-picture houses, and dance halls, and befriend young girls who are unprotected, and worse than alone, because so often in dangerous company.

Whose duty is this? Not that of a paid city official, but the parents of the girls themselves. The appointment of a public official to do the duty of those parents—as nearly as one person can fulfill the duty of hundreds—shows to what a pass home discipline has come in American life.

Not that we deprecate the appointment; it is most necessary. What we deprecate is the need for such a makeshift.

According to the Western deputy, the remedy lies with the parents. That is true, but the case cannot be so simply disposed of. The mother of the young girl, as others in like case, will not be able suddenly to assume an authority that she has for years allowed to lapse; it is doubtful whether she can ever resume it. The mischief that Deputy Robison lays at the door of modern living conditions is not the only mischief wrought by them. Laxity of discipline, and a weakening of home ties, is far more common than even juvenile delinquency. Many children, in families where the utmost care is exercised, are defiant of authority. They do not go wrong, because they have opportunities for legitimate recreation that the Western girl lacked; because they have been "well brought up," and have fastidious tastes not satisfied by the vicious life of the streets; for a hundred reasons, perhaps, but not one of those reasons, because the parents have any proper authority.

We are hearing a good deal these days about modern methods of child training. Corporal punishment is under the ban; children must not be spanked, because they are more easily led by persuasion than by force. One is sometimes tempted to cry "Rubbish!" and to believe that the stern old-fashioned parent who brought up her children with a rod of iron was the most successful parent, after all.

And not only the most successful, but the best loved; for children love best that which they respect, and they have sharp perceptions. They know how far they can go, and

how much power they have to defy regulations. All the new talk about child psychology finds its way into their young brains, and they know exactly how to take advantage of theories. Moral suasion—they know just how far to yield to it, and just how to take advantage of the situation, when parents are complacently feeling that headway is being made.

Clever little rascals—any one who denies them this tribute must have forgotten his own childhood.

A belief has crystallized about the new theories to the effect that children love best the parents who indulge them. How many parents do we hear say,—

"When he grows up I want him to remember that he always had what he wanted."

Let those parents but bear in mind the great army of fallen and delinquent children who have exclaimed bitterly in after years, those very words, "They let me have everything I wanted."

The cruelest part of the criminal indulgence of American parents is that children themselves cry out against it when they have grown to recognize its folly.

The Oregon mother is liable to a jail sentence. Worse than that sentence will be the reproaches of her own daughter in later years. *Katherine Brooks, in Boston Record.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE ELBERFELD HORSES.

(Continued from last number.)

One day Krall and his collaborator, Dr. Schöller, thought that they would try and teach Muhamed to express himself in speech. The horse, a docile and eager pupil, made touching and fruitless efforts to reproduce human sounds. Suddenly he stopped and in his phonetic spelling, declared, by striking his foot on the spring-board:—

"*Ig hb kein gud Sdim:* I have not a good voice."

Observing that he did not open his mouth, they strove to make him understand, by the example of a dog, with pictures, and so on, that, in order to speak, it is necessary to separate the jaws. They next asked him:—

"What must you do to speak?"

He replied, by striking with his foot:—

"Open mouth."

"Why don't you open yours?"

"*Weil kan nigd:* because I can't."

A few days after, Zarif was asked how he talks to Muhamed.

"*Mit Munt:* with mouth."

"Why don't you tell me that with your mouth?"

"*Weil ig kein Stim hbe:* because I have no voice."

Does not this answer, as Krall remarks, allow us to suppose that he has other means than speech of conversing with his stable-companion?

In the course of another lesson, Muhamed was shown the portrait of a young girl whom he did not know.

"What's that?" asked his master.

"*Meigen:* a girl?"

On the blackboard:—

"Why is it a girl?"

"*Weil lang Hr hd:* because she has long hair."

"And what has she not?"

"*Moustache.*"

They next produced the likeness of a man with no moustache.

"What's this?"

"*Man.*"

"Why is it a man?"

"*Weil kurz Hr had:* because he has short hair."

I could multiply these examples indefinitely by drawing on the voluminous Elberfeld minutes, which, I may say in passing, have the convincing force of photographic records.—*Maeterlinck*, in "*The Unknown Guest*."

THE DOGS OF WAR.

We know the dog as policeman in Central Europe: as life-saver he has worked in the Alps for a thousand years. But the dog regularly enlisted in every great army of the world—whether in the Red Cross department or as a scout and despatch bearer—is surely something of a novelty.

In the Franco-Prussian War, out of 129,000 casualties, 13,000 were returned as "missing"; and who shall say what agonies those unfortunates suffered? Every war of the future, however, will see the dog mitigating its horror.

The ambulance dog is entirely independent of artificial light, and relies only on his extraordinary power of scent. Last year, during the great Austrian manœuvres, two hundred men were left lying on the field to represent the wounded; and the stretcher bearers, working against time, overlooked thirty-eight of these. Within twenty minutes the Viennese dogs had discovered them all.

Each dog carries about his neck a flask containing brandy or soup and also a roll of bandages. The wounded man, having made what use he can of this relief, gives the dog

his cap or belt, and the intelligent creature at once races off with it to the ambulance attendants, whom he conducts to the rescue with all speed.

Marvellous stories are told of the dogs which the Allied troops took with them to China for the suppression of the Boxer rebellion.

The French in Algeria have also used dogs in this way in their warfare with the Arabs. One canine favorite with the Oran garrison has just been raised to the rank of "sergeant" on account of his sagacity, for he can be used indifferently as scout, sentry, despatch bearer, or seeker for the wounded on the battlefield. He is a Russian borzoi. Other dogs in use by different armies are the shepherd dog, the Danish boarhound, the bloodhound, and crosses of these breeds.

It is the German army authorities who have adopted war dogs on the largest scale. Other armies have followed her example. It is realized that hundreds, if not thousands, of men may owe their lives to canine searchers, or at least the mitigation of terrible suffering, such as the dreadful thirst resulting from the loss of blood.

The Russian army in Manchuria employed hundreds of specially trained collies, and Captain Persidsky reported: "In finding the missing and wounded with which the millet fields were strewn, nothing even approached our pack of seven English dogs. In our last engagement fifty-three men were found more or less badly wounded in utterly unsuspected places, where the stretcher bearers and surgeons would never have even dreamed of looking."

As to Great Britain, every year her War Office authorities carry out exhaustive tests of war dogs. The dogs are specially trained in Forfarshire, Scotland, by Major E. Houtonville Richardson, of Carnoustie.

The great difficulty lies in having dogs trained and ready in sufficient numbers.—*The Red Cross Magazine*.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

BREAKING THE CHARM.

(Continued.)

So, when all was ready, Minigo began to talk in a low, singing tone as she had done before, gradually becoming more and more poetical and musical as she proceeded.

"Look at the fire! Look at the fire! See how it blazes up higher and higher—higher and higher—see how it blazes up higher and higher! Go with me! go with me! shut your eyes and go with me! Away we'll

go! away we'll go! to the golden gate away we'll go! How long at the golden gate shall we stay? Till we do something rude and they drive us away."

By this time Minigo's chant had become a regular song, and she concluded as follows:—

"Away to the golden gate with me.
Shut up your eyes if you wish to see.
We can ride, we can walk, we can run, we
can play:
But, if anything rude we do or say,
Old Gongo will growl and drive us away."

The children now began to see the gate, with its golden tips, and all the trees and flowers, slowly coming into view, and they found themselves standing in the same place where they had been when Nanne had broken the charm. They were all dressed as prettily as they had been before.

"Ah!" said they, "how beautiful! And, Minigo, can we go through the gate?"

"Yes," said Minigo; "we will go up to it, and somebody will come out of the porter's lodge and let us in. All of you come up to the gate with me."

The porter's lodge was a small but very pretty house just inside the gate. It was surrounded with shrubbery and flowers, and was almost enveloped in vines and ivy. And as the children came up toward the gate, a neatly dressed and smiling girl came out from the house to open it, in order to let them in.

As soon as the children had passed within the gate, they saw a great many delightful paths leading in all directions over the grounds with so many flowers and trees, and so many pretty animals feeding, and so many seats and bowers in shady places where they would like to go, and so many little hills and mountains, with winding and zigzag paths going up their sides, that they were quite bewildered, and did not know which way to go.

"First," said Minigo, "before we walk about anywhere, we will go into the porter's lodge, and the porter's wife will give you some cake and apples, and some strawberries and cream."

The children clapped their hands with delight at hearing this announcement, and began to run toward the lodge; but, being a little intimidated by the strangeness of the scene, they ran gently, and were careful not to come in the way of each other, or to do anything rude. This continued until they had got into the room. There were pretty seats all around the room, and enough of them to furnish places for all the children; and in one corner, by a window, was a nice easy-chair, with a good soft cushion for a seat.

One of the girls, named Mary Ann, was going toward this seat just as Dory was coming into the room, and, as soon as his eyes fell upon it, he ran, as he had done in the case of the flower on the bank of the river, and, pushing Mary Ann away, he jumped into the chair himself.

The other children, at this time, were looking at a table covered with baskets of fruit and pitchers of cream, that stood in the middle of the room; but their attention was drawn to Dory when they saw him push Mary Ann away, and the instant after he had got his place in the chair they heard the same sound which they had heard before, denoting that the charm was broken.

The room began at once to grow dark; the table, and the fruit upon it, slowly disappeared from view; everything seemed to change its form and appearance; and soon their eyes began to be heavy, and they became bewildered. In a moment more they all found themselves coming to their senses sitting together before the fire under the willow-tree.

"Ah! Dory," said one of the boys in a complaining tone, "why need you have gone to pushing Mary Ann away, and so break the charm? It is all your fault."

"Why, I had as good a right to that seat as she had," replied Dory. "Had not I Minigo?"

"That may be true," said Minigo; "but even if it is, it was rude and impolite of you to take the seat away from her by force. I don't think it was really quite right for Mary Ann to attempt to take it herself."

"I was not going to take it," said Mary Ann, "I was not, truly. I did not think that the seat was meant for us, and I was going past it to the next one, when Dory came against me."

"Then you were doing right," said Minigo.

The children now all began to urge Minigo to take them to the place again. They had not done anything rude, they said, and it was hard for them to be punished for Dory's fault.

"Yes," said Minigo, "it is hard, I know but then it is always so. Whenever children are playing together, if one of them is rude or unkind, all the others suffer for it in some proportion. It is always so, and there is no help for it. However," she added, "I can take you all there again—all except Nanne and Dory; they cannot go."

"I will go," said Dory. "I'll look at the fire, and then shut up my eyes just like the rest."

"Yes," said Minigo, "you can look at the fire, and you can shut up your eyes, but

that will be all. You have broken the charm, and it can't be joined again for you. While we are gone, you'll find yourself staying here by the fire. I am sorry, but I can't help it."

"I'll try it," said Dory.

"Very well," said Minigo, "you can try it. And now, boys," she continued, "get some more sticks and make up the fire."

So the boys ran about and gathered sticks, and very soon the fire was burning brighter than ever.

"Now," said Minigo, "all take your seats again."

So the children all took their seats.

"It is not of much use for me to try again," said she, "for I am very sure that some of you will be rude or otherwise do some harm, and then you will break the charm—break the charm."

Minigo went on in this way for some time, half singing and half saying the words, until at length she came to a regular song, and ended as before, thus:—

"Open your eyes and look at the fire,
The flame goes high, but the sparks go higher.
Look at the fire while I count three:
One, two, three—one, two, three.
Now shut up your eyes and go with me."

As these last words died away upon the children's ears, they found themselves suddenly coming to their senses in the room of the porter's lodge, just where they were when the charm had been broken before. They were all there except Dory and Nanne. Dory and Nanne were nowhere to be seen.

The woman was the same, and the table, loaded with fruit, was the same, just as they had left it. They were all dressed, too, in the new and beautiful clothes which they had worn when they were here before.

Presently two pretty boys in white aprons came into the room, and immediately began to carry the apples and pears, and plates of strawberries and cream, from the table to the children. The children ate them as they were offered and found them delicious. The porter's wife was there, and she told the children that, if any of them desired, they could go out with the apples and pears, or with their strawberries and cream, and eat them in the garden, and several of them did so.

One of the boys asked her if, besides eating what they wanted, it would be right for them to take any of the apples and pears, and put them in their pockets.

"Oh, yes," said Minigo, "you may take as many of them as you please, only it is not necessary for you to do so, for you will find plenty more growing on all the trees in

the garden where you are going to play, and you can take and eat as many as you want there, if you only are careful not to eat too many."

The children were greatly pleased to hear this, and some of them put apples and pears in their pockets, and some did not. While they were thus engaged, they heard the sound of wheels coming to the door. They looked out, and there they saw a beautiful barouche, of small size, as if made for children to ride in, and drawn by four jet-black and glossy ponies. The ponies were very small too.

The children all uttered an exclamation of delight at seeing the carriage.

"Ah! what a beautiful carriage!" said one.

"What elegant little horses!" said another.

"What is it for? Who is going to ride in it?" asked a third.

"It is for you," said Minigo. "It is for you to take a ride in, if you like."

Hereupon there was an instantaneous rush of the children out toward the carriage. Nearly all of them, however, checked themselves immediately and stopped; but there were three who crowded on, crying, "I speak first," "I speak first," and "Get out of the way, Tom, I'm going first." These three ran on to the steps of the carriage, and began to struggle together there to see who should get in first, when they heard the same strange sound which they had observed before. They were all alarmed, and instantly stopped. In a moment they observed that the carriage was fading away from their view. Everything grew dark and indistinct, and seemed to be whirling round and round. They became bewildered and giddy, and then, almost immediately afterward, they found themselves coming to their senses seated, as before, under the willow-tree.

There was at first a pause, the children being all struck dumb, as it were, with the mortification and disappointment which they felt in this sudden interruption of their happiness. At length one of the girls exclaimed,—

"It is too bad, I declare."

"It is all Lucinda's fault," said Mary Ann. Lucinda and Mary Ann were two of the girls that were engaged in the contest for the first seat in the carriage.

"It was *not* my fault," said Lucinda; "it was yours."

"I tell you it was yours," said Mary Ann, "for I was before you, and you ought to have let me get into the carriage first."

"No," replied Lucinda, "I was close to you, and I am the oldest, and so you ought

to let *me* get in first. Ought not she, Minigo? Was it my fault?"

"Yes," said Minigo; "for, when you saw Mary Ann running forward to get to the carriage, you ought to have stopped."

"There," said Mary Ann, "I told you it was not my fault."

"But it *was* your fault," said Minigo; "for, when you saw Lucinda running forward, you ought to have stopped."

"Then we ought both to have stopped," said the girls, speaking together.

"Yes," said Minigo. "Two girls that were polite, and kind in heart, would both stop in such a case, and each give the other an opportunity to get in; but girls that are selfish and rude always rush forward and quarrel, to see who shall get the advantage over the other."

The two girls hung their heads and looked ashamed.

"Can't we go into the golden gardens again?" said Crony. "We have got rid of all the bad ones now, and the rest of us will be good. I know *I'll* not get caught, anyhow."

At the same instant, another little child, named Jenny, put her arms around Lucinda's neck, who seemed to be full of grief, and said in a plaintive tone,—

"I am sorry you can't go with us next time, Lucinda dear."

"Ah!" said Minigo to herself, "Jenny is safe. With a kind, loving heart, it is impossible to say or do anything unkind or rude. But for Crony—we shall see."

So she directed the boys to go and gather up the sticks for the fire, and when the fire was burning well, she said,—

"Now all sit down upon the grass again."

When they were seated, Minigo began to talk and sing again as before, and in a short time the fire, and the trees, and the grass, and the bushes that were around them in the little dell gradually disappeared from their view, and they found themselves once more in the beautiful grounds by the porter's lodge, with the little barouche and the jet-black horses standing before the door.

But now, instead of rushing forward to see who should get seats in the carriage first, the children held back a little, to wait for directions from Minigo.

"And now," said Minigo, "who shall go in the carriage? It will hold four girls, and one boy besides, on the driver's seat, to drive."

"Let me go and drive," said Crony.

"Very well," said Minigo.

"And let the youngest go first to ride," said Jenny. "The rest of us can go afterward, perhaps."

"That is right," said Minigo. "The youngest may go first, for they naturally would be most impatient."

So four of the youngest children were brought forward by the rest, and assisted to get into the carriage. They did not require much assistance, for the carriage was low, and the steps were broad and easy. When they got in, they found that there was plenty of room for them all, and the cushions were so soft that it would have been delightful to the children to sit in the carriage and play even if there had not been any horses.

After the children were seated, Crony mounted on the coachman's box to drive. A boy that brought out the horses handed him up the reins.

"Now," said Crony, "where shall I drive?"

"Anywhere you please," said Minigo; "anywhere about the grounds. The horses are gentle, and will go wherever you guide them, and the roads are smooth and wide."

Before Crony was ready to start, he saw the boy that handed him up the reins bring up another carriage, a little larger and still more beautiful than the first, and drawn by six horses.

"Ah!" said Crony to himself, "why did I not wait and take that carriage? How I should like to drive six horses!"

He would have insisted on descending from the barouche and taking his place in the second carriage, but he was afraid that by so doing he should be guilty of a rudeness, and so break the charm; so he sat still, and waited to see the other children get into the second carriage.

Immediately following the second carriage there came out several horses, all saddled and bridled. The horses were all proportioned to the size of the children, and some of them had saddles for girls and some for boys.

"Now," said Minigo, speaking to the rest of the children, "you can all have your choice, all except Crony, who has already chosen. You can go in the carriage, or you can have a saddle horse to ride. There's another carriage to come, if there is not room enough in this and there are more horses."

The hearts of the children were overflowing with delight at the prospect before them, and they all began to take their places in the carriage or to mount the horses. When all was ready, Minigo gave the command to set off.

"You can ride or drive about the grounds wherever you please," she said; "and when you get tired of riding, you can dismount from the horses, and descend from the carriages, and turn the horses' heads to

way, and let them come. They will all find their way to the place where they belong."

The children had delightful rides. The grounds were extremely beautiful, and the winding roads, which meandered about through the fields, and gardens, and groves, were enchanting. There were a great many animals of various kinds feeding or gamboling about on the lawn, and ducks, and swans, and a great many other beautiful aquatic birds swimming on the water. After a while the children got out of the carriages and dismounted from the horses, and amused themselves with rambling about, and playing with the animals, which were all so tame that they would let any one come up to them, and play with them as if they had been so many kittens.

There were a great many other curious and wonderful things that the children saw and played with. In one place, very much to their surprise and delight, they found a balloon. It was not a toy balloon, but a real one; though, since it was intended for children, it was not as large as those which aeronauts use. Suspended to the balloon was a car just large enough to hold the children, so that they could go up into the air three at a time. The balloon was secured with long cords, so that it could not go up very high, and there were other cords by means of which the children could let it up and pull it down when the car was loaded.

When they found it, it was tied down, so that the car stood upon the ground all ready for them to get in. The cord, or cable, as Crony called it, was fastened around a stout post which was set in the earth for the purpose. The balloon floated above it, swaying gently in the air. Three of the children clambered into the car, and, amid shouts of laughter, Crony and the boys upon the ground unloosed the cord, and carefully allowed the balloon to rise. It rose slowly and majestically into the air, and floated about over the heads of the children who were upon the ground. At a given signal Crony and his companions pulled the balloon down again, and then the other children took their turn in sailing in the car.

After they had all enjoyed ascending in the balloon, and seeing the prospect from the elevation they reached, the children returned to the carriages and the ponies to continue their ride.

Crony exchanged his place as driver of the coach and four with that of another boy who had come upon horseback. He found that he liked riding in the saddle

even more than he had driving upon the carriage box. Cantering along upon his beautiful chestnut pony, he explored all the roads and paths. He enjoyed himself so much that he rather avoided his companions, lest he should fall into some rudeness toward them; and he made a solemn resolution not to say a word to any of them without deliberating about it first, so as to be sure and not break the charm. His determination, however, did not save him from a piece of misconduct which resulted in his being banished from the grounds.

The children remained in the gardens for several hours after their ride. But their stay was once interrupted, and that was immediately after they descended from the carriages. As they were separated from each other at the time, they did not know at first what it was that broke the charm. It proved, in the end, to be a rudeness of Crony's, who, watching his opportunity, by the shore of a little lake, threw a stone at a beautifully colored bird that was swimming upon the water at a little distance from the land. This act was all the more inexcusable from the fact that the bird was so tame that, if he had only called to her, she would have swum immediately toward him, and would have let him take her in his hands.

But, though he thought nobody saw him throw the stone, the charm was instantly broken, and the whole party was at once transferred to their seats under the willow-tree. Here Crony was left, making six that could no longer accompany the party. Minigo took the rest back to the grounds, and entertained them there for many hours.

This little party of six sat under the willow-tree looking at the fire, which was slowly going out. They talked at intervals about the delightful time they had enjoyed in the gardens, regretted the faults which had, for them, broken the charm, and wondered when Minigo and the others would come back with another offender.

The tendency of rudeness and incivility, in all cases of children playing together, is to destroy the pleasure of the whole party as really, though not always quite as visibly, as in these Golden Gardens of Minigo.—
Jacob Abbott.

LETTERS FROM DR. THOMS.

JAY, N.Y., July 7, 1916.

Dear Miss Clarke,—I am working among our lumberjack folks and others at the Wilmington Camp Meeting, and also forenoons in their homes around Jay.

The Camp Meeting was a great surprise

to me. Four years ago it was all hysterical emotion and self-hypnotism and trances and nervous shock experiences. Now the preaching would be acceptable in the Church of the Disciples for its moderation and self-control. It is wonderful how the seed of truth sown four years ago has been doing its work all through my absence, and my remarks (culled from your father and my uncle) now receive amens and hallelujahs of approval, instead of scowls and threats as in the past.

They have even carried out my suggestions for the social side of life which they formerly condemned and called sinful, so that they have a splendid quartette of four college boys, who are singing sacred, patriotic, classical and lyrical songs. It would break my heart if I had to give up for lack of finances now. I must try to raise that money to buy the buildings for the hospital and home base some time this fall or winter, for I see I can safely leave them at times for a month or so, while the truth sinks in their minds and works out in their actions and social relations.

I am inspiring the local minister's societies wherever I go to give some time, as much as they can spare, to these backwoods squatters and lumberjack folks. I will do this more and more as it multiplies my efforts.

Yours in service,

SOMEWHERE IN THE MOUNTAINS,
July 16, 1916.

I have had a glorious time, some adventures, some problems and much satisfaction so far. I met many lumbermen at the Wilmington Camp Meeting who thanked me with tears in their eyes for my past services to them. And for once the entire meeting for the week was as dignified, yet equally enthusiastic, as were those at the May Anniversaries in Boston. So much so that the preachers and public expressed their pleasure because of the absence of hysteria and because of the rule of reason and self-control, as well as the spiritual grace that prevailed. From now on the still small voice will replace the earthquake kind of religion there. Of course this alarmed the Billy Sunday kind of "evangelists" and they even bought space in the county paper for articles utterly misrepresenting my talks, purposes and motives at Boston. They little dream that I was taken there, when I least expected it, and that the invitation was unsought and had indeed been delivered six months before.

A new camp has been opened halfway up Whiteface Mt. to several hundred men and for a few days I shall be ministering the word,

healing the sick and casting out Rum, Tobacco and other devils from an audience anywhere. A man in the land would be proud to help. From this camp I shall climb Mt. Whiteface, commune with God for a night on the summit, read that wonderful tract that contains a chapter from your father's "Ideas of the Apostle Paul," and next morning go down to Lake Placid, lecture on my work at the Club, if they will give me a hearing, and from there go on to Indian Pass and Wallfær, where there are many camps.

I met the "jobber" whose wife I persuaded to return to him and the children last spring, and I found that he has kept his word to me and has not drank a drop of whiskey since we took her back to him, to the astonishment of people for miles around, for before he was always drunk.

My old parishioners at Jay were all very glad to see me and threw open their doors to me for a few days.

I have been up to the mountain back of Jay and among the lumberjacks who live in the secluded glen that lies in the hollow of the Saddleback Range of Mountains.

The young Englishman who came here on account of forgery, and who pledged himself to do right by the help of Our Father, has gone back to Europe to make restitution and to fight for his country and parents at home.

I have much more to write but must send this off now to catch the last mail going to-day.

Yours to lift up the neglected,
JAMES A. THOMAS

THE CORDELIA OF KING LEAR.

(Continued from last number.)

But all the passages hitherto quoted must yield in beauty and power to that scene in which her poor father recognizes her, and in the intervals of distraction asks forgiveness of his wronged child. The subdued pathos and simplicity of Cordelia's character, her quiet but intense feeling, the misery and humiliation of the bewildered old man are brought before us in so few words, and at the same time sustained with such a deep intuitive knowledge of the innermost workings of the human heart, that as there is nothing surpassing this scene in Shakespeare himself, so there is nothing that can be compared to it in any other writer.

We lose sight of Cordelia during the whole of the second and third and greater part of the fourth act; but towards the conclusion she reappears. Just as our sense of human misery and wickedness, being carried to an extreme height, becomes nearly intolerable

like an engine wrenching our frame of nature from its fixed place," then, like a redeeming angel, she descends to mingle in the scene, loosening the springs of pity in our eyes," and relieving the impressions of pain and terror by those of admiration and a tender pleasure. For the catastrophe, it is indeed terrible! wondrous terrible! When Lear enters with Cordelia dead in his arms, compassion and awe so seize on all our faculties that we are left only to silence and to tears. Cordelia is a saint ready prepared for heaven—our earth is not good enough for her: and Lear!—O who, after sufferings and tortures such as his, would wish to see his life prolonged?

In Cordelia it is not the external coloring or form, it is not what she says or does, but what she is in herself, what she feels, thinks, and suffers, which continually awaken our sympathy and interest. The heroism of Cordelia is passive and tender—it melts into our heart; and in the veiled loveliness and unostentatious delicacy of her character there is an effect profound and artless. If Cordelia reminds us of anything on earth, it is one of the Madonnas in the old Italian pictures, "with downcast eyes beneath th' almighty dove"; and as that heavenly form is connected with our human sympathies only by the expression of maternal tenderness or maternal sorrow, even so Cordelia would be almost too angelic were she not linked to our earthly feelings, bound to our very hearts, by her filial love, her wrongs, her sufferings, and her tears.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:

When can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:

When can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored and sorrows end.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Bissing with golden face the meadows green,
And filling pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
I then permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendor on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.

Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;

But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.

Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show

To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,

When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,

The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

Therefore are feasts so seldom and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special best,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

O how much more doth beautyauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:

And so of you, beautyauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be
 broken,
 While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home into my deeds to pry,
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
 Oh, no! thy love, though much, is not so
 great:
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake
 elsewhere
 From me far off, with others all too near.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to
 dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be
 forgot,

If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay;
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the
 ground;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his
 treasure;

Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my
 pleasure:

Sometime all full with feasting on your
 sight,

And by and by clean starved for a look;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height
 be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
 cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of
 love?

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove;
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther
 reason,

But rising at thy name doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and
 fall.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

AN ARCHITECT ORIOLE.

Like his Eastern relative, the Baltimore
 oriole, this bird's chief claim to fame is his
 ability as an architect and builder.

They call him Bullock's oriole, and he is
 distinguished from our other orioles by his
 black throat and orange cheeks. He is
 found from South Dakota, Nebraska, and
 Kansas to the Pacific Ocean, and from
 Southern Canada to Northern Mexico. There
 is, he can be found there five or six months.
 Fall and winter find him "somewhere in
 Mexico."

The Bullock's oriole takes kindly to
 orchards and is an excellent guardian for the
 fruit trees during the blossoming season.
 His favorite morsel is the black olive scale,
 topped off with a nice fat caterpillar or two.

Emulating the American Indian the male
 bird refuses to work, and the tedious task
 of weaving and suspending the nest is
 shifted to the female.

THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER.

What was the first flower with which you
 familiarized yourself as a child?

Ten chances to one it was the dandelion.
 Remember how you used to hold it under
 somebody else's chin to see whether or not
 they liked butter? If the sun was shining
 and the yellow was reflected on their chin
 they liked butter; if it was a cloudy day
 they didn't like it.

If the dandelion were rare it would be
 one of the most sought for blossoms, for its
 intrinsic brightness and beauty. How
 lightful, too, that it is free to all, home and
 in Asia, Europe, and America, or any of the
 temperate climes.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

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5

A WHEEL.

The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it.

1. The front of a building.
2. To trifle.
3. Honestly.
4. Deficient in strength.
5. Characteristic of cats.
6. To complete.
7. A vessel with a narrow mouth.
8. Bright in color.

II.

ADDED LETTER PUZZLE.

Add a letter and change open to view into loud and harsh noise, like the blast of a trumpet; to incline into one of the chief divisions of a long poem; a member of a cathedral chapter into a small territorial district; to send by force into one of hereditary Hindoo social classes; a legal suit or process into a raised road over wet ground; a platform slightly raised from the floor into a low herb of the family *Compositæ*; a lobby into to vanish; well pleased into a moon; the most distant of two into a tract of land devoted to agricultural purposes; close-fitting breeches into a hoofed quadruped of great strength; a flexible pipe into a dwelling place; the 1-24th part of a day into a nymph of the Mohammedan paradise.

III.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 7, 2, 25, 22, is a low moaning sound.

My 4, 8, 10, 5, is of low degree.

My 3, 15, 22, 11, is to feed.

My 6, 19, 16, 17, 2, 14, is to support the head of one reposing.

My 23, 20, 22, 26, 9, 17, is an instrument for writing.

My 12, 13, 24, is a metal block stamp or plate for punching holes, etc.

My 21, 18, 27, 9, is an opinion.

My *whole* is the dying words of General Wolfe.

IV.

DIAMOND.

A consonant.

A tool for boring.

The American buffalo.

The fore part of a hoof or foot.

A consonant.

V.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example: Change to move off to a connoisseur.

Answer: Budge—judge.

1. Change a male deer to chance.
2. Change peculiar to increase.
3. Change to trap to a box.
4. Change the organ of hearing to an implement to impel a boat.
5. Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running.
6. Change a leguminous plant to the secretary to a college faculty.
7. Change frozen fluid to an atom.
8. Change to endure to a period of time.

When the changes have been rightly made, and the words written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a September holiday.

Answers to puzzles in the July-August number.

I. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—1. Hood. 2. Milk. 3. May. 4. Fear. 5. Great Bear. 6. Farewell. 7. Ray. 8. Solomon.

II. BEHEADINGS.—1. Cold-old. 2. Rice-ice. 3. Tend-end. 4. Boar-oar. 5. Sin-in.

III. TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Torpidoes. Pinwheels. Cartridge.

IV. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.—1. Bayard Taylor. 2. Walter Scott. 3. Walt Whitman. 4. George P. Morris. 5. Charles Lamb.

V. TWISTED BIRDS.—1. Bobolink. 2. Eagle. 3. Grackle. 4. Kingfisher. 5. Bluebird. 6. Turkey. 7. Robin. 8. Ovenbird. 9. Flicker. 10. Nuthatch.

VI. CONUNDRUM.—Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letter.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is The Brevard, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 48 Irving Street, Cambridge, Mass.

The regular monthly meeting of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange will be held on Friday, October 6, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests: For Bibles, either for requests or offers, apply to Mrs. Laura Hallett, 37 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass. For scraps for patchwork, for requests or offers, to Mrs. E. H. Brigham, 72 Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass. For music, for requests or offers, to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, 145 Grand View Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to anyone who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Miss Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of *Cheerful Letter* Exchange: Mrs. George G. Saville, 33 Saville Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.